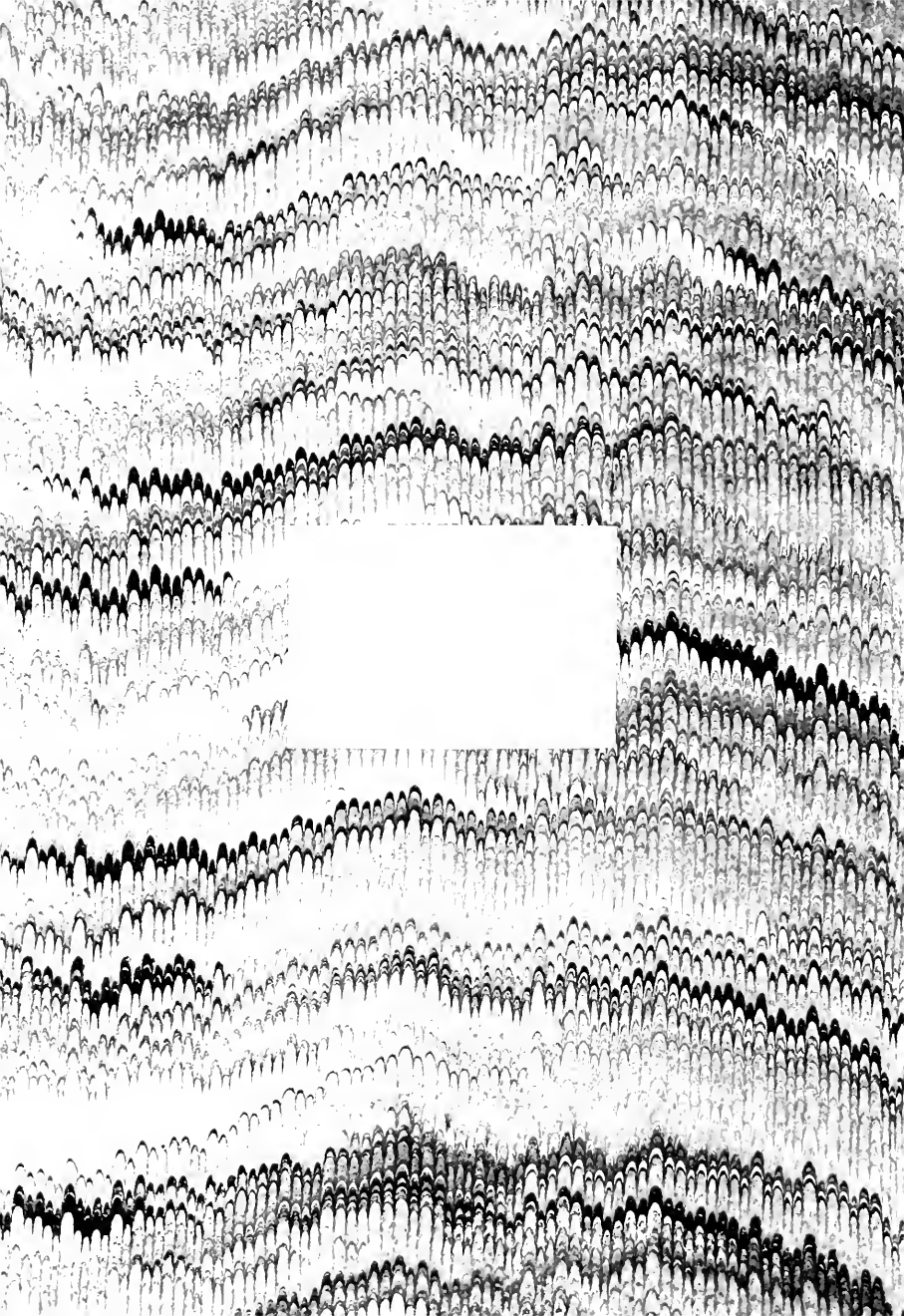


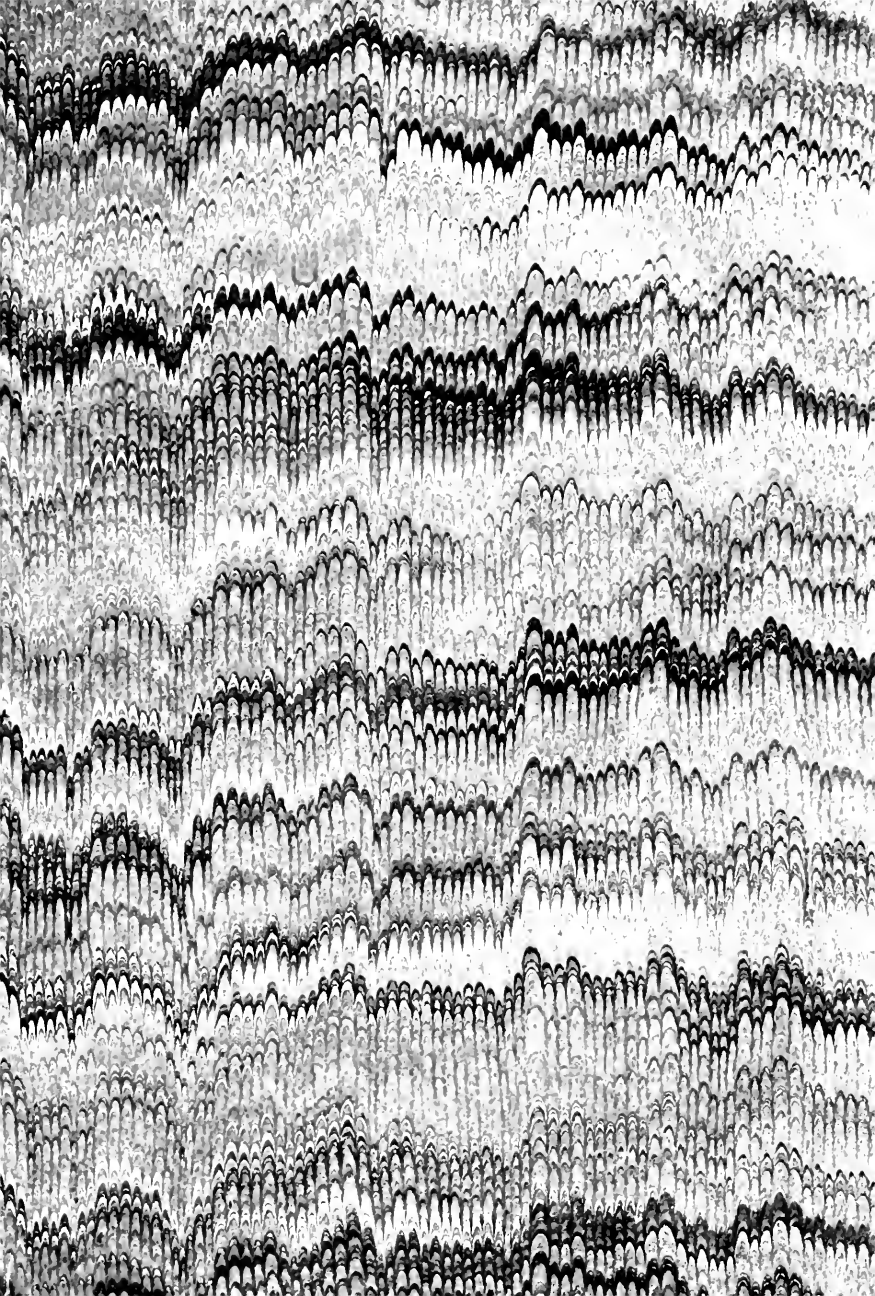
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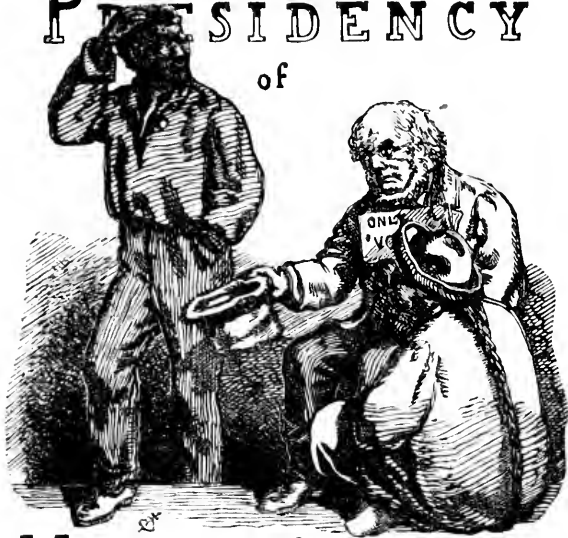






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OR THE
PRESIDENCY
of



HORACE GREELEY,

BY A
Democratic Clairvoyant.

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THE PRESIDENCY
OF
Horace Greeley.

BY A DEMOCRATIC CLAIRVOYANT.



THE HONORABLE HORACE GREELEY BEING SWORN IN, AS PRESIDENT OF THE
UNITED STATES.

THE most important recent event in the history of the United States had taken place without causing the slightest disturbance.

The illustrious Farmer of Chappaqua had been sworn into the office of President.

Retiring without the slightest illegal ef-



SECRETARY OF STATE—CHARLES SUMNER.

fort at opposition, which had been so widely predicted by his opponents, the Great Soldier who had saved the Republic in the war of the Rebellion, from disunion, had quietly retired from the high office which in 1869 the people had confided to him.

Clad in his historic garments—the old white hat and coat, with unblackened boots, which, with great difficulty, his friends had induced him to abandon during the canvass—Horace Greeley had taken the oath of office.

This evidence of republican simplicity had endeared him to the people.

His Cabinet had long since been organized. It had been constructed with great difficulty. Elected to office mainly by the now defunct Democratic party, he had been compelled to deal fairly with that organization. Greedy for place, after their long absence from power, they had demanded everything. However, they had been induced, at last, to content themselves with no more than a fair share of what they called the public plunder. When named, this Cabinet was received with acclamation. It was felt that at last the lion and the lamb were lying down in harmony together.

It consisted of the following names:—

Secretary of State, Charles Sumner; Secretary of Interior, Whitelaw Reid; Secretary of the Treasury, W. M. Tweed; Secretary of War, General McClellan; Secretary of the Navy, Sam Bowles; Attorney-General, Ex-Governor Hoffman; Postmaster-General, Murat Halstead.

At first considerable doubt and hesitation had been felt by the new president in thus rewarding Tweed for his support in the arduous struggle resulting in his election. But the great and unjustly aspersed Architect of the New Court-House in New York had been applied to to raise a large portion of the funds necessary for the campaign, after the nomination of Horace Greeley and B. Gratz Brown had received the ratification at Baltimore. He had only consented to do so on the explicit understanding that he should be made Secretary of the Treasury.

Luckily, nearly two years had passed.

In two years our great nation can forget any and every thing. It is only when a job for a sculptor has to be put through, that defunct eminence may be recalled. In like manner, we forgive and forget past speculation.

The names of the Cabinet were heartily



SECRETARY OF INTERIOR—WHELELAW REID.

indorsed by all who had voted the straight out Reform ticket.

The first meeting of the Cabinet was, however, slightly inharmonious.

Charles Sumner did not much like his position. He had previously denounced his companions to the Sage of Chappaqua, who at length had replied in his vigorous Saxon style of expletive, by saying:—

"You lie—villain!—you lie."

The Massachusetts statesman, who disliked plain English, had thrown up his position. An irreparable breach would have occurred with the President, if the latter, in order to retain him, had not consented to allow him to conduct the Foreign Affairs of the country exclusively on his own hook.

In consequence of this, Whitelaw Reid had demanded to be sent Ambassador somewhere.

"I can't do it," said his venerable chief. "That rascal Sumner will appoint them all."

"Then—Mr. President! I leave the Cabinet at once."

Bursting into a flood of tears, Horace Greeley fell upon his neck, imploring him to remain. In his tender love—not for office, but for the President—the unselfish Whitelaw consented not to withdraw.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOFFMAN.



SECRETARY OF TREASURY—WM. M. TWEED.

But his chief trouble on the score of his Secretary of State was not over. Carl Schurz was indignant. He had been named for the embassy to Berlin, in spite of Mr. Sumner's knowledge that he had fled from Germany in consequence of his intimate connection and actual complicity with the revolutionary party in that country.

To tell the truth, the President did not altogether regret this nomination. He was a trifle in awe of the Senator's sharp tongue. Besides, Senator Schurz had not at first cordially indorsed the action of the Cincinnati Convention. So he told him that he had put it out of his own power to do anything, and Mr. Schurz left him in disgust at what, with his usual insolence, he styled the President's "childish weakness."

In the mean time, he had announced to his Cabinet that he intended Protection to Home Industry to be a cardinal point in his policy. All new emigrants from Europe were to be removed to the Great West, and compelled to study farming. Neither would he allow American residents in Europe more than one-half of their incomes. This would necessarily force them to return.

At his peremptory instructions, in spite of the opposition of more than one-half of the Cabinet, a measure for the regulation



SECRETARY OF WAR—G. B. MCCLELLAN.

of foreign travel was introduced into Congress.

General Butler inquired if it was to apply to National officials? If so, it would make it highly undesirable for a man of means, and still more for one without any—supposing it to apply to his salary—to become foreign ambassador.

It was unequivocally laughed down.

"The idiots!" groaned the Chappaqua Farmer. "Don't they see these fellows would be better doing their duty to their country, by growing squash or pumpkin-pie?"

The settlement after the Geneva Arbitration, had been dragging slowly along. At last, mistaking his man, the British Minister at Washington undertook personally to point out to the President what he considered his errors in judgment.

"You li—villain!"

Although a Saxon in race, the British Ambassador relishes Saxon no more than Charles Sumner, and demands an apology. But Sumner views unadulterated Saxon in a very different way, when addressed to any other than himself. The President must make no apology. Then the Minister telegraphs home, receives an answer, and leaves the United States. Sumner rubs his hands.

"The treaty I didn't make, will be crushed now."

But English gold was at work in the lobby. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens tried to pour oil upon the troubled water. It was of no use. Victoria Woodhull used her blandishments on the Head of the Nation. That head softened. Then Mrs. Richardson—formerly McFarland—and Mrs. Sinclair, got at him, by means of the husband of the latter, his Private Secretary. Sumner, meanwhile, has got an inkling of this. He is as resolute as his chief, and is determined to manage foreign affairs without any interference. Consequently, he orders our Ambassador to England home, and places an embargo on all British vessels.

William Tweed is thunderstruck. He rushes to the President, and remonstrates warmly with him. Sumner is doing his best to ruin what little commerce the country has left after the war of the Rebellion. A fierce scene and bitter recrimination take place between the two members of the Cabinet.

This is enjoyed by the Sage of Chappaqua, who rubs his hands with delight, when, at last, Charles Sumner resigns.

Mr. Tweed does not. He and the Secretary of the Interior are now masters of the situation, and an ample apology is tendered to Great Britain.

Next day a scathing denunciation of this pusillanimity is made in Congress by General Butler, while Sumner is interviewed by a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and roundly abuses the President for truckling to bluster.

General Sherman, who had been expecting orders for the invasion of Canada, indignantly resigns his position as Commander-in-chief.

Within the hour, McClellan, who has, as he formerly had, a keen eye for the main chance, applies for it.

"What shall I do for a Secretary of War in that case?" cries the President. "Be-

ides, I want a new Secretary of State. How would you like the place, Mr. Tweed?"

"Not at all, Mr. President!" says the Financial Secretary, buttoning up his pocket.

The first session of Congress, since Mr. Greeley's accession to the Presidency, had now come to an end, and he hurried off to his farm at Chappaqua, leaving the whole of the public business at sixes and sevens.

Whitelaw Reid follows him for the purpose of expostulation, and finds him chopping trees!"

"Now! what's the use of bothering me? You managed the *Tribune* for me, as J. Russell Young, and Mr. Gay, and that reprobate, Dana, did before. Why, Dana is the very man. Send for him and manage matters between you. You and he and Tweed will make a capital team."

Colonel Forney, in the *Philadelphia Press*, has commenced publishing a series of vituperative letters on the policy of the government.

"What does he want, with his scoundrelly newspaper. I'll make him Commander-in-chief."

As an angry answer was trembling upon the tongue of his confidant—Whitelaw Reid, Mr. Schurz is announced. He has just returned from Berlin. The German Kaiser had, naturally enough, refused to receive one he regarded as a revolutionary firebrand, while Prince Bismarck had publicly snubbed him. He is whitely furious, and demands an office.

"There's only one, my dear Mr. Schurz, and I was just going to give it to Forney."

"He is a friend of Grant's, Mr. President!"

"But a newspaper man. Those fellows will take anything. I don't mean you, Whitelaw! However, if you want it, Mr. Schurz! you shall have it."

"What is it—Mr. President?"

"Commander-in-chief."

The ex-ambassador has been an army officer, and the Philosopher of Chappaqua will make him a Major-General. It is the



THE PRESIDENT BULLYING THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR. (Page 6.)

very thing. An office for life. He'll take it. It will give him, with good management, a splendid opportunity for paying off old grudges.

Tearing his hair when he hears this, Whitelaw Reid returns to Washington.

No sooner is Dana installed as the Secretary of State, than he assumes the same absolute control of Foreign Affairs which Sumner had. Consequently, he recalls every ambassador Sumner had appointed, save one.

"Grant was an obstinate brute!" exclaimed the irate Massachusetts statesman; "but old Greeley is nothing but an idiot. Why did I resign my place in the Senate for one in the Cabinet? And why did I resign that, to let in Dana?"

At the succeeding session, in his first annual message, the President congratulated himself and the country upon having preserved peace with Great Britain—eulogized the management of the Treasury—felicitated the manufacturing interests upon his having precluded skilled mechanics from Europe from settling in the seaboard and manufacturing towns—gave an eloquent description of the best way of growing cucumbers, and recommended the appointment of a Minister for Agriculture.

To his horror, it is not only ridiculed by the press generally, but by the *New York Herald* in particular.



THE PRESIDENT IMPLORING HIS SNUBBED AMBASSADOR TO BECOME COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.
(Page 7.)

"Look here—Mr. Dana! You must stop it."

"Mr. President! on entering your canvass, you dissolved your connection with the *Tribune*. I followed your example. Mr. Cummins is now the editor of the *Sun*."

"Cummins! Yes! I remember him—the black-hearted villain who abused poor Young so shamefully. Why don't you make him an Ambassador?"

"I offered to do so, Mr. President!"

"Well!" whined out the Chief of Chapinqua.

"He declined accepting the position."

"Very well, then! Mr. Hoffman, make out a warrant for the villain, and give him time to reflect in Fort Lafayette."

"Pardon me Mr. President!" gravely replied the Attorney-General, "but don't you see—"

"No! I don't. You're all of you conspiring to drive me into a lunatic asylum

"You're all of you knaves and idiots, and ought to be shut up in Sing Sing."

"Mr. President!"

The astonished choral exclamation rang out from the lips of nearly the whole Cabinet.

"No! No! I didn't mean you, White-law, nor you, Mr. Hoffman, nor any of you. But somebody ought to be shut up there."

After this scene, the Cabinet determined the Philosopher should write no more messages.

"You see, Mr. Hoffman!" said the Secretary of State, "he is—"

Pausing suddenly, he shrugged his shoulders, in which he was imitated by the whole of the Cabinet, except Secretary Tweed, who was serenely meditating in what way he might squeeze the largest amount of personal perquisite out of an appropriation of twenty millions of dollars he had engineered through Congress, for the purpose of laying out a model farm for the Nation, adjoining the National Park in the Yo-Semite Valley. This had been managed at the express wish of the Farmer of Chappagua, who, it may be needless to say, would never have entertained the slightest idea of such a magnificent agricultural enterprise, had it not been for the active brain of his subordinate.

A few days after, it became known, that the veteran followers of ex-President Grant through the Wilderness, had made a large subscription to erect an equestrian statue, in the grounds of the Capitol, to the great General of the Republic.

When the Philosopher heard this, he grew actually frantic, and ordered the Commander-in-chief to his presence.

"Nobody ever subscribed for a statue to me," he ejaculated, "even enough for a model in plaster, when Dana proposed it. What right have the villains to do this? They shan't—at any rate, while I'm Head of the Nation."

"I can't help it—Mr. President!" said General Schurz.

"Why can't you?"

One of his well known pleasant sneers curled the lips of the Commander in chief.

"The soldiers have not forgotten their late general—Mr. President! They would not submit to an act, with regard to him, which strikes even myself, as unrepugnant and arbitrary."

"Good heavens! what's the use of being first officer of a great people like this, if one isn't able to do anything he wants to? Sumner wouldn't let me—Whitelaw Reid is always objecting—Dana's worse than Sumner—and now you set up your back and grin at me. Govern the whole damned country yourselves, you ungrateful villains!"

The next morning he was in Chappagua,



THE PRESIDENT IN HIS FIRST DISGUISE AS A GENTLEMAN.

without its being known that he had even left Washington.

This may appear incredible.

It is, however, the fact.

He had disguised himself in an entirely new suit of black broadcloth and a tall hat—presented to him by the female disciples of Free Love in New York—and was completely unrecognizable.

The following morning there was consternation in the Cabinet.

The President was absent from the White House.

He could be found nowhere. Upon inquiry at the offices of the various railroads, it was positively declared he had not left Washington.

What was to be done?

They searched high and low for him—began to have fears of suicide—dredged the Potomac, and, before night, the news had passed by telegraph, from one end of the Union to the other, that it was suspected the President of the United States had taken his own life. Mrs. President Greeley and his daughters, however, knew him too well, to entertain any fears of this—although his habits in his family circle had, latterly, greatly increased in singularity, and succeeded, at a late hour, in calming the fears of Secretary Reid, and, in no small degree, relieving the mind of Vice-President Brown of his sympathetic hopes, when these eminent men had called to console with them on the absence of their chief.

When the Secretary had retired to rest, in consequence of what Mrs. Greeley had said, he succeeded in obtaining a balmy slumber, with dreams that he had once more returned to his old acquaintances and tried friends—the paste-pot and the scissors—in his former editorial *sanctum*. At half past eight he was however awakened, with scant ceremony, by Stuart, the head of the Kitchen Cabinet. His face was even more rosily white than Redbad ever be

fore known of.

“Here’s a telegram.”

“Where from?”

“Chappaqua!”

The Secretary started up in his bed at once. Before opening the dispatch, he had divined the truth. It read thus:—

“You are all idiots or scoundrels!”

H. G.”

Without the initials, the grandly Roman and obligatory simplicity, with which the telegram was worded, vouched for its authenticity. With a groan of disgust at his own folly, Whitelaw Reid smote his forehead with his clenched hand. It sounded empty, but neither himself nor Stuart noticed this. Here was a *centre-temps*. And so indeed it proved, for, by noon of that day, not a single place of any importance in the United States but had a bulletin in the doorway of its one or two newspaper offices, announcing the fact. Even the Administration papers headed the announcement, “A STUPENDOUS HOAX!” But those which had supported Grant in the late election, and even some few of those which had opposed Greeley’s predecessor, named it—

“THE INFAMOUS FRAUD OF THE PRESIDENT!”

As may be supposed, the Cabinet were not over anxious to meet the Sage of Chappaqua after this appeared, and Whitelaw Reid was even thinking of absenting himself from Washington, when the members received an imperative summons to present themselves at the White House. They all obeyed, trembling, with the exception of Dana and Tweed. The iron hardihood of the first, and the brazen *aplomb* of the latter were imperturbable.

“A pretty set of lying tools you are,” exclaimed the Philosopher when he saw them, “to bring me into this scrape!”

“Mr. President,” said Dana reprovingly, “if you dress yourself in this unwonted manner, you could only expect—”



PREDWING THE POTOMAC FOR THE BODY OF THE PRESIDENT. (Page 10.)

"In what manner?" savagely demanded the Sage, who, by this time, had totally forgotten the unwonted variation in his attire.

The Secretary of State pointed to a tall mirror.

His chief looked in it, and started back, in uncontrollably disgusted astonishment. He could not recognize his own reflection, although, from never—since quitting Washington—having applied the brush to his new raiment, he resembled his former self much more nearly than he had done, two days earlier. After a few minutes he whined out, in an appealing tone:—

"But you needn't have told the cursed newspapers I'd hung or drowned myself, Whitelaw! They call it my INFAMOUS FRAUD—mine! You've seen what Marble says. He'll never let up on me."

The Attorney-General could not avoid a grim smile.

"Harsh words break no bones," he said, "as I and the Secretary of the Treasury learned, some three years since."

"I didn't want to learn it, though, in my own person," exclaimed the President. "I must write to Marble."

"You'd better not, Mr. President," cried the Secretary of the Navy, energetically.

"By no means," ejaculated McClellan.

"It's no use stirring up a stinking dish," observed Tweed, "when you can't turn a dollar, by doing so."

Dana alone applauded the determination of the Philosopher. He, as well as President

Greeley, had an itching pen, and relished a fight in type even more than his master did. The letter was accordingly written, and intrusted to the Secretary of the Interior, to dispatch by a special courier. Unfortunately, its contents are lost to the world, as he took it with him to his office, and, after a good hour spent in attempting, in vain, fully to decipher its contents, burned it.

What the result of such an act of insubordination might have been, it would have been difficult to say; but events of so much graver importance followed, that this letter entirely passed from memory.

Upon the next afternoon, the Rebel Ex-President, whom the Sage had so magnanimously bailed, moved by an intense admiration for one whom he esteemed more pig-headedly obstinate than he himself had ever been, arrived in the Capital for the purpose of personally expressing his grateful admiration. The President felt a reciprocal sympathy for the man, the signature of whose bail-bond earned so many pardoned rebel votes for his own election. He consequently directed the chief of his Kitchen Cabinet to arrange a meeting with him. Stuart was shocked, but dared say nothing. He accordingly hurried off to Secretary Reid, and laid the matter before him. Within the hour Whitelaw had requested the remainder of the Cabinet to meet him, on a matter of private emergency, in his own house.



THE PRESIDENT, IN HIS SHIRT-TAIL, INDITES A TELEGRAM TO HIS SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

What was his astonishment, on detailing the information he had received, to be made cognizant of a positive division of opinion in the members.

Secretaries Tweed and McClellan, with the Attorney-General, approve of it as a politic measure towards the South, while the Secretary of State is indifferent.

No positive protest from the Cabinet, as a whole, can be procured against the determination of the Republican President.

When the meeting has broken up, the Secretary of the Interior seizes his hat, and, without waiting to summon his carriage, rushes to the nearest hack-stand, hails one, and is driven to the White House. A stormy scene takes place between him and his chief.

"Who's master here, you villain—you or I?"

"If you insist upon being what you call yourself—master—in this instance, Mr. President! you have very little further use for me."

On returning to his house, Secretary Reid indites the Farmer of Chappaqua a formal letter of resignation—coldly virtuous and loftily indignant.

Before receiving it, however, the President imagines that he has solved the difficulty between himself and the Secretary. He invites Jeff. Davis to pay him a visit at

Chappaqua, and starts by the next train, Mr. Davis follows him.

In these days, every action of a public man is almost immediately known.

A double-leaded editorial appears the next day in the *New York Herald*. It openly denounces the President as in treacherous collusion with Jeff. Davis. "The present is of a piece with his past history. Did he not advise our government, at the commencement of the Rebellion, to let the South go? Did he not go bail for the traitorous ex-President? What does this new action mean? Is he actually contemplating the working out of his old programme—the eternal separation of the North and South?"

This article is read, by General Butler, before a full house in Congress, and received with tremendous applause by the enemies of the Administration.

Senator Conkling animadverts upon it in the Senate, but Vice-President Brown is, luckily, (!) indisposed at the time, and is consequently not present. Even the supporters of the President have nothing to say.

It is generally known that the man, who had been mainly instrumental in procuring his election, has resigned.

Angry denunciations are, however, leveled by the independent and clear Republican Press against the leading members of the Cabinet.

The only honest member of it has bolted out of Washington.

Yes! Whitelaw Reid has started for New York, and arrives there to find the city in open revolution. Regretting his old chief's obstinate incapacity to see anything beyond the point of his nose, in a moment of chivalrous feeling, he defends him in the teeth of the armed mob which has collected in the open space in front of the City Hall.

"We thought you'd resigned—"

"You're as bad as he is—"

"Shoot the rascal—"

"No! tar and feather him."

No sooner was this proposal heard than the mob surges up the steps of the Hall.

Whitelaw Reid runs towards the room of the Mayor, but is caught by the ringleaders when barely half-way there. He is, at once, half-stripped. Where the materials for their savage work came from, who shall say? but in a few minutes he is tarred and feathered by their eagerly vindictive hands, after which he is hunted out of the United States, across the river, into New Jersey.

Then the mob determine to march upon Chappaqua, with the purpose of hanging President Greeley and Jeff. Davis.

Luckily for the two, the news of this has been telegraphed to Washington. The Secretaries of State and War manage to arrive there before them. They inform the President of the danger which menaces himself and his friend.

"Great Heaven!" ejaculated the former, "what have I done? Because they made me their chief magistrate, won't they let me have an interesting conversation with a man who is destined to live in history?"

"After he is hung—Mr. President, at your side," dryly suggests Dana.

"A very unpleasant mode of existence in history," quietly remarks General McClellan.

In a few hours the insurrectionary mob will have reached Chappaqua. The President and rebel Ex-President must fly to Washington. How are they to get there? The whole country will, perchance, have risen. Quailing with the memory of his past, Davis suggests disguise. Old Abe and himself have both afforded illustrious examples of its presumed value, in their own cases, in the last twelve years.

After some difficulty, the Sage of Chappaqua consents. He is disguised as an old farm-woman. There was some difficulty in providing, for his tall figure, sufficiently long petticoats. Jeff. Davis is to attire



WHELELAW REID IN HIS SHIRT-TAIL, RECEIVES THE TELEGRAM FROM THE PRESIDENT. (Page 10.)

himself in a fashion, which will pass him along the road as the sister of the President. When once in Washington, he will have to pass on immediately to his residence in Memphis. The Foreign Secretary is to go with them, but suggests that McClellan shall remain to argue with the infuriate crowd.

"No, I thank you," says the cautiously astute McClellan. "You see, I have no troops here with me; besides, the matter does not exactly belong to my department. General Schurz is not at hand, and I think a masterly and speedy retreat should at once take place."

Upon the cars they heard that the immediate insurrection was beginning to agitate Baltimore, and, on drawing near that city, the chief of our great country, who was sitting with a huge woolen comforter round his throat, and his white hair tucked back into a poke-bonnet, was tapped on the shoulder. Glancing furtively up, he recognized the waiter who had helped to conceal him behind the bar at Windust's eating house, during the former New York riots.

"Never you mind, my ould boy," the man whispered, "if I do know ye. I won't split on ye."

"All virtue is not then lost." The petticoated President dries his eyes, as he list-



SECOND SECRETARY OF STATE—DANA.

one, from the starting tears, with the end of his shawl, and adds, "If I get to Washington in safety, my good fellow, you shall have a place."

"No ye don't; none of that, now. A clerkship doesn't pay."

When he arrives at the White House he would not have obtained admittance in his disguise, but for Sinclair, his private secretary, who happened to be in the doorway, and heard the now pathetic treble of his broken voice.

"This way, Mr. President."

No sooner has the sage entered his private room, and before he has removed a shred of his disguise, than Sinclair burst forth, with an utter disregard of official decorum—"my poor old friend! only to think of it!"

"Of what?" testily demands the philosopher.

"A debate is taking place in Congress for the purpose of impeaching you of High Treason."

"Impeach me! Guilty of High Treason! The infernal villains!" shrieked out the President. "Send for Whitelaw Reid."

As Sinclair was unaware that the letter of resignation of the confidential Secretary had not as yet reached his master, while he

knew that the former had left the Cabinet, and was then, in all probability, in New York—he hesitated. Was the grand brain of his venerable chief actually unhinged? While revolving this mournful possibility, the door opened. Yes! It is the Ex-Secretary.

"Why—what has happened to you," whines out the Sage of Chappaqua, "my dear Whitelaw?"

"I might ask you, Mr. President, a similar question."

They gaze in consternation at each other. Reid's face is still streaked with the tar, which he has been unable entirely to remove, while his hair is matted with the remains of it and a few feathers. The Head of the Nation is clad in the dilapidated garments of an old woman. He falls upon the neck of his former subordinate, sobbing wildly.

After this momentary burst of emotion, the President recovers himself, disrobes, and resumes his usual appearance and equanimity. The ex-Secretary consents to withdraw his resignation, and a Cabinet meeting is called for the same night, at a late hour. It was then past ten o'clock. The meeting was grave and sombre. How was the immediate trouble in New York to be suppressed. The Commander-in-Chief proposes collecting the regular troops rapidly, and marching, within twenty-four hours, upon the city. McClellan decidedly objects.

"A large army is required for such an expedition—engineers, stores, money—"

"Yes!" says Tweed, energetically, "money is the thing."

"Have you any, Mr. Tweed?" asks the white-haired Sage of the Secretary.

"I am sorry to say—No! Mr. President, but it can be raised."

Whitelaw Reid stares at him in astonishment.

"When you entered on your office, sir!

he said, "that miserable Yankee, Boutwell, had millions of gold in the Treasury."

"The unavoidable expenses of the Government," answered the muffled Tweed, "have left only a balance of a few thousands."

"And the taxes and customs receipts, sir!" exclaimed Dana energetically.

"Troubles with Europe and at home—farm in the Yo Semite Valley—secret service," began the unabashed financial minister, "and a thousand other necessary expenses have—"

"This may come up subsequently, Mr. President!" said the Attorney-General. "we must deal with the matter in hand."

Their chief had been plunged in sorrowful reflection. Now, when addressed by ex-Governor Hoffman, he looked up, and asked with a troubled voice whether Mr. Tweed was willing to proceed to New York, for the purpose of raising the money necessary to pacify it.

"I am, Mr. President!"

As General Schurz was about angrily to protest, the chief of the Kitchen Cabinet ran in, without asking for permission to enter. It was now four o'clock in the morning. He had been watching the debate in Congress. Butler's motion for impeachment had been defeated. The ministers were about applausively to utter their approbation, when the Secretary of the Navy asked:—

"By how large a vote, Mr. Stuart?"

"Seven, majority!"

"Why, my friends in the House, this year, numbered three to one," cried the President. "How was that?"

"Mr. President! I am sorry to tell you," mumbled the Kitchen-factotum, "numbers of them were absent, and a large part of them voted against you."

The face of the Philosopher became even whiter than his hair as he heard this. He muttered something to himself, almost inaudibly, of which the only words heard, were—"and I was, two years since, so popular."

However, the immediate danger to the Administration was over. The next day Secretary Tweed was in New York. On the following day General Schurz whipped the insurgents who had burned the farm house of the President at Chappaqua, with a small body of Regulars; and in two days more, the country was again quiet, and every symptom of discontent had been suppressed by the agency of the sword, and the still grander panacea for all human trouble, the Almighty Dollar.

In consequence of this, the Secretary of the Treasury became the predominant power in the Cabinet, and his chief reposed an almost unlimited confidence in him. Thus, the Government, instead of being any longer a Composite one, became, in reality, Democratic, and Whitelaw Reid felt himself compelled to retire from the Secretaryship of the Interior. Perhaps he might have accepted a foreign Embassy, but Dana turned a deaf ear to all his hints to such effect. This necessitated his return to his editorial functions, in an inferior position, and with a large amount of bitterness stowed away for subsequent use.

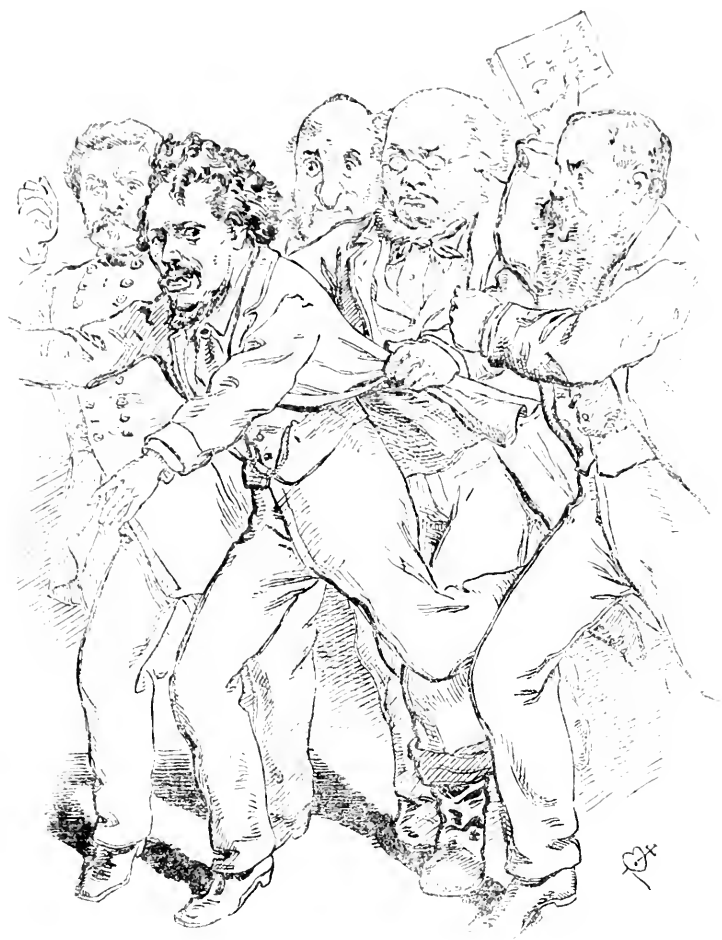
A new Minister of the Interior was a necessity, and Secretary Tweed suggested Belmont.

He was, however, engaged in business, and the memory of his predecessor's difficulty with regard to A. T. Stewart, prevented the President, in a moment when he was not suffering from the terrible fits of misanthropical abstraction which were almost becoming chronic, from offering him the position.

"I'll send to Russia for ex-Senator Fenton," he at last said, after a lengthy discussion had resulted in nothing. This crafty politician had been sent there as ambassador by Sumner, who was afraid of him—a point of wisdom in which his successor had so thoroughly concurred, that, in making a clean sweep of Sumner's appointments, Fen-



AFFECTING INTERVIEW OF THE PRESIDENT, IN HIS SECOND DISGUISE AS AN OLD WOMAN, WITH HIS TARRED AND FEATHERED SECRETARY. Page .



FLIGHT OF G. FRANCIS TRAIN FROM THE WRATHFUL PRESIDENT AND HIS ENLARGED CABINET. Page 9.

ton was the only ambassador he did not recall. "Won't he be the very man?"

Tweed shook his head, in which action he was coincided with by every member of the Cabinet, whatever political brush they might be striped with.

"He is far better where he is," laconically observed Secretary Bowles.

"Then settle it among yourselves," snappishly retorted the President. "I'll be off to—" he was about to add "Chappaqua," but the word stuck in his throat. Henceforth, memory tabooed the delicious retreat of his mature manhood to his gradually hastening age. "I'll go, Mr. Tweed! to the Yo-Semite Valley, and inspect your new model farm."

For a moment Tweed's well-bronzed face became well-nigh ghastly. Quickly recovering himself, however, he said, with one of his chuckling laughs:—

"It will be in a better condition, next year, for inspection, Mr. President!"

"Or the year after," cynically suggested Dana. "Or, when the national debt is paid off," he added with malignant emphasis.

"George Francis Train will do as well as anybody else," suddenly ejaculated the President. "I'll have him."

"For what?" exclaimed the Postmaster-General.

"Secretary of State!" was the strident response. "It shall be Train or Fenton. On one of the two I am determined.

The Sage's foot was down. He was immovably obstinate. If he had named any one else than Fenton, any one else would have been accepted by the Cabinet, in preference to Train. Against this double choice its members struggled for at least ten days, but in the end gave way. They had prolonged their resistance until the session of Congress had terminated. Otherwise, General Butler or might have renewed this motion of impeachment against the President, with far better chances of success.

George Francis was summoned accordingly to Washington, and lit there like a spread eagle.

On his way there, he had been interviewed by the editor of the *New York Express*—his old friend and admirer.

"At last," he said, in this interview, "I shall have the chance of causing the recuperation of this glorious land from the state in which she has been plunged by long years of mismanagement. Down with the Red Cross of Great Britain! The wide folds of the Stars and Stripes shall immerse the earth, from Pole to Pole, in their luminous radiance. The Eagle of Freedom, from the summit of the Catskill, shall pour forth her cock-a-doodle-doo Paean of Triumph. The Irishman shall embrace the Chinese, and the Indian caress the Nigger, in the light of Universal Freedom about to blaze from the bosom of the expansive Prairies."

It was with the most intense delight James Brookes gave this sublime burst to the people of the United States. But, to their shame, it seems scarcely to have impressed them as it had done him.

Indeed, a leader in the *New York Times* announced the gratification which must be experienced by two madmen in embracing each other. "The one of these," it said "is George Francis Train. Who the other may be, we leave to the common sense of our readers to determine."

To tell the truth, at this time, doubts respecting the sanity of the Sage of Chappaqua began unreasonably to obtain currency. Politicians of every class among the disappointed supporters of ex-President Grant, from Senator Conklin to Wendell Phillips, indulged in them freely, although unjustly. Whatever may have been the result subsequently, at this time there cannot be the slightest doubt that the President was as completely sane as half the criminals who escape the gallows, on this plea, undoubtedly are.



THE PRESIDENT'S FLIGHT IN HIS SECOND DISGUISE BACK TO WASHINGTON.

(Page 13.)

The first meeting between President Greeley and his new Secretary was affecting in the extreme.

"I am an old man, Mr. Train," said the Philosopher whimperingly, "and have been scandalously deceived by the black-hearted scoundrel who preceded you. He wanted his own way in everything, and had not the slightest respect for my white hairs—the infernal idiot! So, I'll just hint to you to talk no more balderdash to any one, as you did to that very worthy but soft-headed Jim Brookes. I've some little common sense, and don't value Buncombe, one continental copper. Now, be off with you, and get to work."

When, with the feathers of his mental tail considerably drooping under this refreshing reception, Secretary Train had retired from his first meeting with his chief, the latter muttered to himself—

"I must have been going crazy when I sent after this addle-pated ass. But now it's done, it can't be helped. Thank heaven! that reprobate Dana and the worthy Secretary of the Treasury will cut his comb for the damned idiot." Then bowing his blanched head in his hands, he ejaculated

in a tearful treble, "There are only two years of my term of office gone yet, and I don't know whether I'm a Republican or a Democrat. I'm certain I once was a Republican. Oh, dear!—why didn't I remain an editor, with a proprietary in shares to look after me? But, in any case," he added, rising, and striking his clenched hand upon the table by which he had been sitting, "I will have my own way."

For a week or two the President is left in peace—that is to say, comparative peace.

Not so, the Cabinet.

Secretary Train is unable to manage his own share in its duties well, and consequently thrusts his finger into every other official pie. As long as possible, the other members endured this, until at length the smoldering wrath broke out.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" demanded the President.

Secretary Tweed motioned the Secretary of State or the Attorney-General to speak.

However, before either of them could utter a word, the irrepressible George Francis had leaped to his feet. With his coat-tail tucked under one arm and the gesture of an indignant harlequin, he jerked out the following denunciatory commencement of an explanation—

"The matter is this, Mr. President. Secretary Dana is an overbearing blockhead, William M. Tweed is a swindling humbug, General McClellan an ass, ex-Governor Hoffman a stilted jackanapes, Postmaster Halstead only fit for a clerkship in his own department, and Sam Bowles is nothing but a scribbling idiot. You are!—pardon me for saying so—Mr. President! the biggest—"

Until he reached this point, astonishment at the insolently unofficial truth or falsehood—as the case might be—of the new Secretary of the Interior, had held them mute.

Now, such a perfect Babel of abuse is poured upon him from every side, that he is

unable to force another word in, edgeways. The Cabinet meeting of that day became a veritable Pandemonium. The only figure that seems to dominate it all is surmounted by a fresh-looking face framed in white hair. Its eyes are flashing as much as gray eyes can, and from its lips a few interjectional sentences occasionally thrust themselves upon the hearing. These are uttered in a furious and angrily excited treble, and are shapen in something like this fashion:—

"You lie, you black-hearted villain—gray hairs—where am I?—you ought to be in Sing Sing, you idiot—lunatic asylum—infernal reprobates—a scoundrelly madman—Bird of Freedom—you are all rascally asses—you lie, you lie—cock-a-doodle-doo!"

Then George Francis Train, Secretary of the Interior for less than two weeks, is appalled by a more energetic Saxon eloquence than he could ever hope to rival.

He vanishes from the room, leaving the tail of his coat in the hands of the venerable Philosopher, and is followed in his rapid retreat by the remainder of the justly incensed members of the Cabinet.

The white-haired Sage of Chappaqua is left alone in the chamber.

Still pouring out a volley of frenetic Saxon expletives—still clenching with an aged but vigorous grasp the fragment of the coat-tail which he had rent from the garment of his refractory subordinate, he is in a state of positive frenzy for many hours.

It was, of course, impossible to conceal this from the press.

The opposition journals imagined what they did not positively know, and grossly exaggerated its incidents. One headed the narrative of it, as—"THE ATTEMPT TO MURDER HIS SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR BY THE PRESIDENT." This was, it is needless to explain, an infamous libel upon so tender-hearted a six-footer as the Farmer of Chappaqua. Had he not, when in the prime of life, as the apostle of non resistance, meekly

allowed a cane to be broken upon his own broad back, in the streets of Washington? Tersely emphatic as his Saxon eloquence might be, his greyly calm eyes symbolized the benevolent tranquility of his nature, to which the Administration press—with many of the outspoken opposition journals—did ample justice. *Harper's Illustrated Paper* did even more. It typified him as an old woman.

But, without a solitary exception, every journal published in the United States congratulated the people upon being rid of George Francis Train.

Unfortunately, the result of these Cabinet bickerings and squabbles, which had, for a lengthy period, in some degree manifested itself in the President, now became startlingly apparent. His mental faculties were terribly unnerved. Indeed, their prostration, but for his vital force of character, must have stretched him upon a bed of sickness.

So evident, indeed, did this become, that his political enemies actually began to talk of his lunacy.

It was at this period that the well-known surgeon, Dr. Stone, was summoned by Mrs. Greeley to prescribe for him.

This was of no use. He brooded over what had passed—became still more gloomy and morose, and finally, upon being urged by the members of his Cabinet to dismiss the Secretary of the Interior (George Francis Train) had disappeared from Washington, without considering it necessary to send in his resignation) and appoint another, shrilly ejaculated—

"Send for Old Gid. I'll have him."

He then absolutely declined to utter an other word.

Secretaries Dana and Tweed, very meddlingly as it must appear, considered it necessary to wait upon the lady of the President, and advise her to call in Dr. Carmichael. On consultation with his at-



TARRING AND FEATHERING WHITELEAW REID. (Page 13.)

tendant physician, she decided upon telegraphing to New York for this eminent medical man. When he arrived, after interviewing his illustrious patient, Dr. Stone accompanied him into an adjoining room, and gave him a succinct professional detail of the manner in which he had treated him.

"Um! Quite right. But he is no better?"

"On the contrary, much worse."

After a few moments' reflection, Carnochan blurted out a few words in the ear of his professional brother.

"I don't dare order it."

"Why?"

"He wouldn't take it if I did. He is so frightfully opposed to all stimulants."

"Then let him take it in the shape of medicine."

The Washington medical man was right. The Philosopher's principles were too earnestly severe, with regard to the use of alcohol, for him bare-facedly to order his use of it. Dr. Carnochan accordingly drew up the following prescription—

"R. Spts. Vini Gallici,
Vini Rubrum a. i. Oss.
Acid Citric,
Sacch. Alb.,
Suc. Limonis, aa. q. s."

"Fiat Mist.—A wineglassful to be taken four times a day, half an hour before meals."

So profoundly ignorant was President

Greeley of the flavor of every stimulating liquid, that he followed the prescription without the slightest repugnance. Indeed, he observed to his Secretary that the flavor was rather pleasant than otherwise. He even requested him to taste it. Mr. Sinclair, however, shook his head. He had an aversion to drugs. Anything else required by his chief he would have done.

Had he tasted it, he might—but, what is the use of speculation in matters of fact?

The effect of the prescription was, for a time, marvelous. The Sage almost at once regained his former strength of mind and temper. Two days subsequently he attended a meeting of the Cabinet. So evidently and fastly was he recuperating, that one of his ministers was already complimenting him upon his restoration to health, when he put a sharp question to them. This distinctly enough proved his memory as acute and his brain as clear as either of them had ever been.

"How is it," he demanded, "that Old Welles isn't here?"

Secretary Tweed did not appear to be aware of the imperative treble of this question—ex-Governor Hoffman's long chin was elevated, as he seemed to be contemplating the ceiling—Sam Bowles's philosophic mind was exhausting itself in regarding the soles of his boots—the Military Secretary appeared to be engrossed in active attention to his finger-ring and wrist-bands; while Murat Halstead was wrapt in a brown study. But Mr. Dana, whose resolute nerve never shrank from the performance of any duty, however painful, at the expense of another, at once replied.

"We considered—Mr. President! that your mind, when you mentioned 'Old Gid,' might have been a trifle unhinged by recent Cabinet troubles, and—"

"Unhinged!"

"And concluded that—"

"You wouldn't obey me, you rascally idiots. What do you take me for? Un-



SECOND SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR,
G. F. TRAIN.

hinged—indeed! Train shall be removed."

"That, of course, Mr. President,"

"White hairs, you villains! symbolize experience and wisdom. Gid Welles is whiter-haired than I am. So you shall have him, whether you object or not."

"I don't object," stontly said Mr. Tweed. "But you must be aware—Mr. President! the people—"

"What, sir?"

"Might laugh at you!"

"Laugh at me, you vagabond! At me! Didn't they place me in my present lofty position? Are not all my mistakes and blunders owing to you—yon idiotic scoundrels? If you don't like Old Gid, you may—"

"But—Mr. President! I do."

The Financial Secretary had been cowed by their chief's resumption of all his former Saxon vigor of speech, and the whole of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Dana, coincided in feeling with him.

The matter was therefore settled.

No sooner had Secretary Welles assumed his position, than matters within the Cabinet began to work more smoothly. His thick-



THE PRESIDENTIAL DANCE OF TRIUMPH
WITH G. FRANCIS TRAIN'S COAT TAIL.

skulled tranquility of brain acted as a non-conductor to the vital electricity of the Head of the Nation. Besides, the physicians of the latter were no longer in attendance. After realizing the beneficial effects of their prescription, the President began to employ it, in larger and more frequent doses. These had restored his temper to more than its normal condition.

But, Mr. George Francis Train was not disposed to sit down as quietly, under the loss of his position as head of the Cabinet, as Whitelaw Reid had done. He began once more to lecture. His first lecture was singularly offensive. He styled this lecture—"THE LOSS OF MY COAT-TAIL; OR, THE LUNACY OF OLD HORACE."

Necessarily, he exposed himself to considerable censure for doing this.

Such, however, is the unavoidable rancor of extreme partisanship, that he was awarded unqualified praise by the Republican journals, as one of the noblest patriots. "He had quitted a Cabinet"—so they said—"in

which his love for his country would not permit him to remain." Indeed, a writer in the *Boston Traveller* dubbed him the "American Gracchus."

The *New York Times* reported this lecture in full. When the Sage of Chappaqua read it, he anathematized George Francis in his most vigorous Saxon. Nevertheless, tears filled his eyes as he did so, and he felt compelled to a reckless use of the prescription Dr. Carnochan had written for him. For the time this re-invigorated him, and he brusquely demanded of his new Secretary of the Interior—

"What is to be done with the lying villain?"

Old Gid shook his head gravely.

"In time, Mr. President, he will wear himself out."

"Yes! You white-haired idiot!" shrilly ejaculated the Philosopher, "when I am worn out myself."

"Certainly Mr. President! it may be so."

"Can't we try him for High Treason? Didn't Congress endeavor to impeach me?" he then asked of the Attorney-General.

As Old Gid again shook his head negatively, Mr. Hoffman replied with his usual grave suavity—

"In our country, Mr. President, every one may talk as he pleases. And, you see, he is only talking."

That night, the President took several more doses of his inestimable prescription than ever Dr. Carnochan might have considered advisable. In consequence of this, he became at one moment strangely tender hearted, and at another madly irascible. Now he would level a volley of Saxon expletives indifferently at any who were present, and then he would embrace his Private Secretary with a burst of what, in a less elevated nature, might have seemed idiotic laughter.

Accustomed as she had formerly been to the singularities of her illustrious husband's temper, Mrs. Greeley became positively



SECOND SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR—
GEO. WELLS.

frightened. Never, in her long years of conjugal happiness, had she beheld the present Head of the Nation in such a condition.

Dr. Stone was immediately sent for. But, when he arrived, the President was buried in a blissful slumber, with his mouth wide open and a placid smile upon it. To Mrs. Greeley's pathetic appeal, the surgeon replied, after a careful examination of the patient, "that there was no immediate danger." Then, requesting her to retire, he promised to watch by the side of the couch upon which the body of his illustrious but unconscious patient lay stretched.

No sooner was he left alone with the slumbering President and his faithful Private Secretary, than the latter laid his hand upon the arm of the physician.

"I hope and trust, my dear Doctor!" he said, "you will not permit the question I am about to put to you to be repeated to others. His Excellency President Greeley has always been a strictly temperate man. Mind, Doctor! I am only supposing what I say—may not his late political annoyances have induced him to—to——"

As Mr. Sinclair paused, scarcely knowing how to proceed, the Doctor trembled so

visibly, that, had it not been for the Secretary's agitation, he must have seen it. What if it should ever come to the knowledge of the Sage of Chappaqua that he had connived with Dr. Carnochan in the prescription that eminent man had written for him? He was, however, shrewd enough to quickly suppress all outward evidence of his trepidation.

"Certainly not—Mr. Sinclair!" he curtly enough answered. "Purely a case of physical prostration from intense mental anxiety."

"Thank Heaven!" murmured the anxious questioner, as, with a fervent grasp of the physician's hand, he left him alone with the placid figure unconsciously stretched upon the couch beside him.

Upon the succeeding morning, when the President recovered consciousness, after a few moments, during which his gray eyes were occupied in wandering about the apartment, they recognized the physician.

"Why—what are you doing here, Doctor?" he querulously inquired.

"Mr. President! I grieve to say you have been very ill. Your family sent for me."

"The infernal idiots!" fractionally exclaimed the Philosopher, at once erecting himself upon the couch in a sitting position. "I haven't been ill—never felt better in my life. My tongue is a little parched—that's all. Where is my medicine?"

"It was of that I was about to speak, Mr. President. I fear that you have not confined yourself to the exact number of doses that"—he was about to have said "*are*," but, after a brief pause, added—"Dr. Carnochan ordered you to take daily."

The Philosopher was just on the point of crying out "you lie, you villain!" when his glance followed the outstretched finger of the medical man, and rested upon three emptied bottles which were standing on a bureau at the farther side of the room. The labels indicated that they had come from the chemist. During the slumber of his



GRATZ BROWN'S UNQUALIFIED INDORSEMENT OF DR. CARNOCHAN'S PRESCRIPTION.

patient, the medical man had examined them. As a conscientious historian, we may add that he had tasted the remaining portion, and, indeed, had finished the contents of the last bottle.

"Well!" whimpered out the Sage of Chippewa, "what if I did? It benefited me. I couldn't help it."

"That may be, Mr. President! But some medicines are a slow poison, when they are taken too freely."

"And this, Doctor?"—

"May prove one, if you indulge in it more than necessary."

"But I did not."

"Are you entirely certain of that, Mr. President?" asked the physician.

"Why, of course I am."

"Then," said the Doctor curtly, "there is nothing more to be said about it. But remember, now, that you have recovered your

normal strength, my advice is, that hence forth you altogether abstain from it."

The face of the Head of the Nation had grown sensibly paler, as he listened to the words of his medical adviser. He was evidently thinking. Nor were his thoughts, as translated by his broad and philosophic features, inclined to run against the surgeon's directions. Indeed, this day and the next, he implicitly followed his advice. He felt, however, so unlike his former self—his Saxon tongue was deprived of all its customary fluency, in conversation with his subordinates—that towards the close of the second day he summoned Mr. Stuart.

"Look here, Stuart!" he said, "what is your opinion of the relative merits, as doctors, of Stone and Carnochan?"

"What do you mean to ask, Mr. President?" asked the head of the kitchen-cabinet.

"What I say—you fool!" ejaculated the Sage of Chappaqua. "Why don't you answer me? Which is the best doctor—Carnochan or Stone?"

"In a critical case, Mr. President! I may, I think, say that I should unhesitatingly prefer Dr. Carnochan, although he is a Democrat.

"A Democrat! Eh?" inquiringly ejaculated the Philosopher; "didn't Democrats bring me in as President? I didn't ask you, you idiot! about his political opinions."

"He is certainly—Mr. President! the most eminent surgeon of the two."

"So I thought. I shall follow his advice implicitly."

"You are certainly right."

"Of course I am. Go and order me, immediately, six bottles of the prescription given me when he was here."

The kitchen factotum of the President at once obeyed the imperative order of his master.

He vanished from the apartment.

On the same evening the Sage of Chappaqua had made a special appointment with the Vice-President to confer with him on a matter which he considered of vital importance to the morals of Washington, as they were affected by the large body of clerks male and female, who were at this time employed in the public offices in Washington. Economy, as he had always contended, was a largely necessary element in all good governments. The salaries of these officials were at least twenty-five per cent. higher than was required, when they were regarded relatively with his own salary and those of the other members of the Administration.

We have understood that Mr. Brown scarcely agreed with him.

Indeed, he was about to state his objections, when the Philosopher's personal domestic brought into the apartment, the medicine which had been made up promptly by the chemist on receiving the order from Mr. Stuart. It would be un-

necessary to say that for the moment the discussion was dropped.

The evening was close and sultry, and the Sage of Chappaqua bade the man bring him in some iced water. While he was gone, the President took up one of the bottles and stripped it of its paper covering.

"Your medicine, I see," said Mr. Brown.

"Yes."

"Will you allow me to extract the cork for you?"

At the same time his Vice withdrew a delicate-looking cork-screw from his vest-pocket. By no means unfrequently are such instruments to be found in the personal possession of our Western magnates, as they used to be in that of our Southern ones. Even in the East they are occasionally carried. The President looked grave. Although unacquainted personally with the use of such an instrument, he was too sagacious not to understand the purpose for which it was carried in the pocket of his subordinate. He was, however, at the moment too anxious for a glass of the healing fluid, to comment upon the presence of the corkscrew on the person of that gentleman.

As Mr. Brown withdrew the cork from the bottle, he seemed to recognize the delicate aroma which reached him. As he did so, he lifted the flask to his nose, smelt it, and smiled slightly.

"Who was it gave you this prescription, Mr. President?"

"Dr. Carnochan."

"Undoubtedly, a very able man?"

"I am gratified to hear you say that he is," replied the Sage.

"Will you allow me to taste it?"

"Of course I will. You won't find it at all unpleasant."

"I should think not," exclaimed the Vice energetically. Then, after he had more than half filled a tumbler, he raised it to his lips, saying, "it has been prescribed for

me, and I consider it an admirable medicine. I do not invariably take it, but, really, rather like it when I do."

"And it does you no harm?"

"Not a bit," said Gratz Brown, smacking his lips.

"You are sure of that?" demanded the President.

"I should rather think I was," responded the Vice, with a hearty laugh.

"You don't know, Mr. Brown, how thoroughly you have eased my mind by giving me your candid opinion."

The domestic had now brought in the iced water and retired. The Sage of Chappaqua took the allowance prescribed for him, and, as he felt the invigorating fluid resuscitating his old energy, burst out in the vigorous Saxon which has become so well known in modern oratory—

"Would you believe, sir, that the infernal idiot, Dr. Stone, told me it was a slow poison, and advised me altogether to abstain from taking it after my recovery."

"Did he?"

"Don't I tell you, he did?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What could have been his reason?"

"Jealousy of Dr. Carnochan," tersely observed the Vice-President, adding, "with your permission, Mr. President, I will try some more."

He did so.

So did the Philosopher.

It is to be regretted by those who had, until this time, regarded the Sage of Chappaqua in almost a superhuman light, that he permitted his subordinate to continue his attention to the prescription of Dr. Carnochan, and that he, also, himself followed his example. In fact, the result of Gratz Brown's opinion was such that when that gentleman rose—it must be owned, somewhat unsteadily—to quit the presence of his superior, the last was chanting in a tolerably loud and Bacchanalian, although

cracked voice, totally unfit for Operatic exercise—

"Carry the news to Hiram"

To tell the truth, he had been entirely relieved of the fear his Doctor had instilled into him, by the pernicious opinion and action of his Vice.

But, although it was subsequently asserted by a portion of the writers of the press, amongst whom ex-Secretary Reid made himself prominent, that Dr. Carnochan had been the agent of Gratz Brown in giving the President this now too celebrated prescription, and that this gentleman had wished, by the employment of alcoholic stimulants, to impair the vigorous brain of his principal, with the intention of succeeding him, before the expiration of his term, in the occupancy of the White House, such an opinion is totally unworthy of belief. The surgeon stands on too high a pinnacle in his profession, for any candid mind to suppose this.

At the same time, it must be admitted that the Vice-President was too habituated to the use of spirituous liquor, even to dream of the possibility, by its means, of overthrowing so grandly a philosophic and political mind as that of the veteran farmer and journalist, the history of whose presidency we have, with such thorough humility, attempted to impart to the reader.

Neither can we, as an impartial transcriber of historical facts, in the slightest way become accessory to the promulgation of so scandalous a charge.

Did we do so, we should be perverting fact for the use of party, and simply indorsing the unwarrantable attacks of a portion of the partizan press, against two men who stand so high, relatively, in their widely various callings of politics and surgery.

The space left at our command, however, will now compel us to draw rapidly to a conclusion.

Neither, while we completely exonerate

Mr. Gratz Brown and the eminent surgeon, Dr. Carnochan, from the aspersion conveyed in this charge, are we unable to contradict the following fact, which is well known.

On leaving the White House this evening, the Vice-President found himself, about half-past ten o'clock, in the rooms of Downing, the celebrated negro caterer.

He had entered them with the purpose of procuring a dozen of broiled oysters.

There he met with a little political hack-writer, who had formerly been the correspondent of a leading journal in his own State. Their acquaintance was slight enough. But the Vice-President had emptied four of the six bottles of Dr. Carnochan's prescription for his chief. He now fancied a bottle of Champagne would settle them. Under its influence he became leaky, and confided to this man the measure upon which the Sage of Chappaqua had a few hours previously been asking his advice.

Such an unwise step, upon his part, was unpardonable.

He ought, after such an important interview with his principal, to have kept the matter upon which he had been consulted by him, buried within his own bosom. What right has a statesman, were he a hundred times a Vice-President, to impart to any journalist, whether he be a penny-aliner or an editor, those measures which are as yet in embryo—measures which are merely discussed, and which may never be submitted to Congress, and, even if so submitted, may, in all possibility never be indorsed by that august legislative body as actual laws.

All the pen of the historian can say, is that the actual consequence of Mr. Gratz Brown's childishly indiscreet babbling was, on the same night his intelligence was telegraphed broadcast from one end of the Union to the other.

The result of this indiscretion of the Vice-President was truly lamentable, and cannot but leave an eternal stain upon his name.

When this proposed—remember! it was only proposed—measure of the Head of the Government appeared in print, it raised a howl of virtuous indignation everywhere. Men who had to work night and day, upon the daily press, at fifteen or twenty dollars a week, were stirred up to wrath at the idea of cutting down better salaries than their own, paid for infinitely lighter work. One paper stigmatized it as a “VERITABLE INFAMY.” Another mathematized it as a “MALIGNANTLY PICAYUNE ECONOMY.” A third branded it, as a “SCANDALOUS OUTRAGE ATTEMPTED BY THE HEAD OF THE GOVERNMENT.”

Nor, indeed, annoying as this was, was it all.

Two days after, a mob of women and children—the wives, sisters, sons, and daughters of the male clerks of all the departments, with the female clerks also—assembled in the gardens of the White House.

They insisted upon seeing the President.

It was totally in vain that he was denied to them.

A male mob can generally be dealt with. It can be chidden by resolution, or cleared out by the police. Should these chance to fail, the military can be called in. A volley fired over the heads of the prominent leaders, or the glitter of fixed bayonets under their noses, would soon settle the question. But with a female mob—the one-half of them from twenty to twenty-five years of age—it is a widely different case. How could the most stoical or hard-hearted of our philosophers of the present day send some two or three or four hundred, or possibly a thousand young *brunettes* or *blondes*, with Grecian bends and *chignons*, to the station house? How could he threaten youthful beauty with cold lead or shining steel? It being granted that he dared not attempt one of these modes of getting rid



CLOSE OF THIS STRANGE EVENTFUL HISTORY.

of them, how was he to refuse them an audience?

Indeed, it was wholly out of the question that the tender-hearted Sage of Chappaqua should deny them this privilege.

Nor, indeed, had he, with his wonted courage, set down his foot upon this question, would he have been able to have kept it firmly on the ground?

Thrusting aside the attendants, paying no attention to the entreaties of the Private Secretary, hurling their mocking defiance at the chief of the kitchen-cabinet, who at last fled before them, the petticoated mob swarmed up the steps of the White House, and thronged into the building.

They filled the halls, the reception and drawing rooms, and the library. Nay! As

many of them as could do so—we allude to the numbers that were capable of attaining admittance in its confined space—thronged into the private room of the President. There they found the present Father of his Country literally aghast. He sank into his seat as that crowd of matronly and maiden beauty closed in around him.

"What do you come for, here, my children?" he cried out, in a whiningly broken treble.

"Justice—Mr. President!"

"That's what we want."

"We won't be starved out, while you are here rolling in luxury."

"We want what our husbands work for."

"And enough to pay for our *chignons*."

"Give us our rights."

"Don't cut down our salaries."

"We won't stand it."

"Your'e a pretty Head of the Nation."

"We'd better have had Vic Woodhull!"

"We shall all have to go on the streets."

"Or sell our hair."

"Or make shirts."

But, it would be absolutely impossible to chronicle all the tumultuous cries which were thrust at him by female voices. Here, one was colored with tears and lamentations—the next was edged by anger; this one was a wail—that one rang out a reproach.

The Philosopher, for the moment, felt his philosophy vanish before this feminine whirlwind of vituperation and entreaty.

To add to his trouble, as though, it seemed to him, it had not been sufficient, Mrs. Greeley appeared upon the scene. To her demand as to the meaning of such an unwonted assemblage, he was able to answer nothing, at the first moment. But, then, recovering himself, he burst out in a torrent of Saxon eloquence. Indeed, so vigorously was it conceived, that, on hearing its rushing fluency, all the *blondes* and *brunettes* present, including even Mrs. Greeley herself, were thunderstruck.

For the moment, they were silenced.

Nay! They cowered, as if spell-bound, under that wrathful and terrific outpouring of Saxon malediction.

Then, thrusting their fingers in their ears, they vanished from the chamber, and rushed from the White House, drawing after them in their mad panic, from hall, reception, and dining room and library, the outer mass of the feminine mob, appalled by the rolling bellow and surging shriek of the Philosopher's vituperation.

The President was left alone.

Striding from corner to corner of the room, raving as he had done when George Francis Train had stung him into a lesser degree of wrath, he literally foamed at the mouth. His formerly powerful mind was, for the

moment, completely unlinged. Whose mind would not have been thrown off its balance by such a result from the unwarrantable betrayal of his confidence, by a subordinate in whom he had supposed he might repose an implicit trust?

At the same time, it must be owned that his furious frenzy may possibly have been heightened by his recently too liberal use of Dr. Carnochan's prescription.

Yet, even from the consequences of medicine and wrath, he might doubtless have recovered.

Two hours had passed, and he had regained something of his former saint-like placidity of demeanor, although his family, alarmed by what Mrs. Greeley had this day seen, had already determined upon a second time summoning Dr. Carnochan from New York, when the papers from that city, which he insisted on reading for himself every day, were placed before him.

Knowing the press of the metropolis as thoroughly as he did, there is little to be wondered at, in his refusing to allow them to pass first through the hands of his Private Secretary. As it turned out, it would have been infinitely better for him, had he done so.

First, he opened the *Tribune*. It was natural that he should do so. With that sheet he had grown into greatness. But for it, he might never have fought his way into his now lofty and grandly-merited position. As he looked at the paper, a gloomy scowl overspread his countenance.

"That villain—Whitelaw!" he muttered, in a low whine, as he thrust it from him. "Why should he give the fellow—Grant—a column and a half?"

Then he took up and unfolded the *New York Herald*. One—two—three—four—five—six—yes, seven columns of leaded type! These were headed in the largest letters—"GRANT." This was followed by—"THE GREATEST GENERAL OF THE REPUBLIC—WASHINGTON AND GRANT—OUR TWO GREATEST

PRESIDENTS — GRANT REMAINS THREE DAYS IN THE METROPOLIS—A GRAND RECEPTION BY HIM AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL TO-MORROW—FIRE-WORKS AND AN ILLUMINATION IN MADISON SQUARE, WITH FULL BAND OF SIXTY." The concluding words were—"THREE TIMES THREE CHEERS, AND A TIGER, FOR THE MAN WHO SAVED THE UNION AND HAS ALWAYS BEEN TRUE TO HER!"

He gazed at the heading for a moment, and, while doing so, the paper fell from his nerveless hand upon the carpet.

He could read no more.

The fire-works, the illumination, the reception, and the band, were merely matters of private subscription.

Aye!

And, what of that?

Such were the rewards accorded by private gratitude to a national hero other than himself. A great modern writer had said—

"The pen is mightier than the sword."

But he himself had not found it so. Or, at any rate, it was certainly not greater in America than the bullet and the bayonet now were.

Grant was named with Washington.

Thus was he ranked by the leading journal in America—haply, in the world.

What was the worth of having been a journalist, a man of peace, a Fourierite, a vegetarian, a negro-worshipper, a Unitarian, a Republican, and everything else in the American world, including, last of all, a Democratic President, to be left out in the cold like this?

Still sitting there, his palsied hands grasping at nothing—his gray eyes gazing speculatively into vacancy—he was babbling of green fields and of Chappaqua.

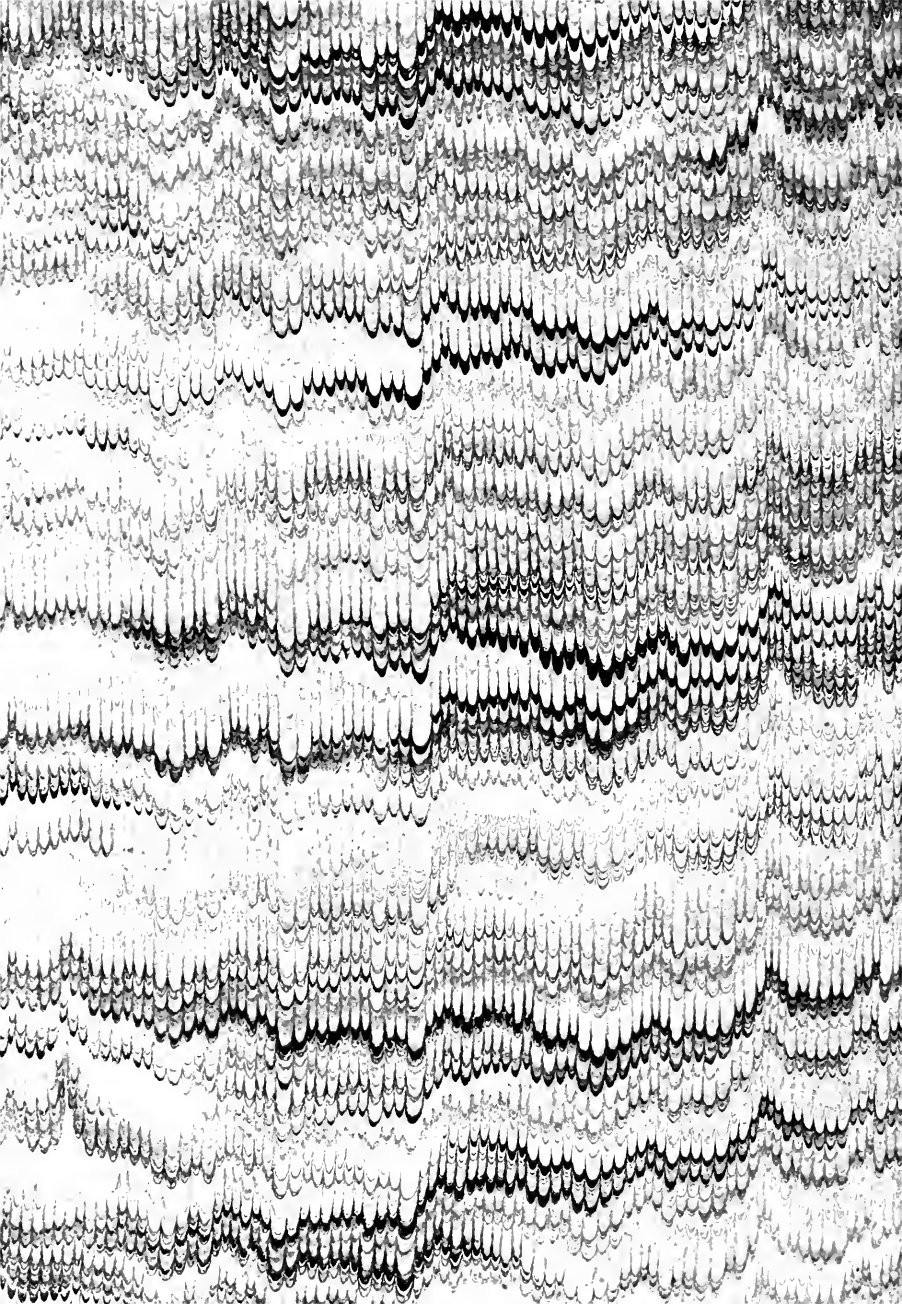
Little more may be said. The curtain must be drawn as we reach the close of this sad and mournful history.

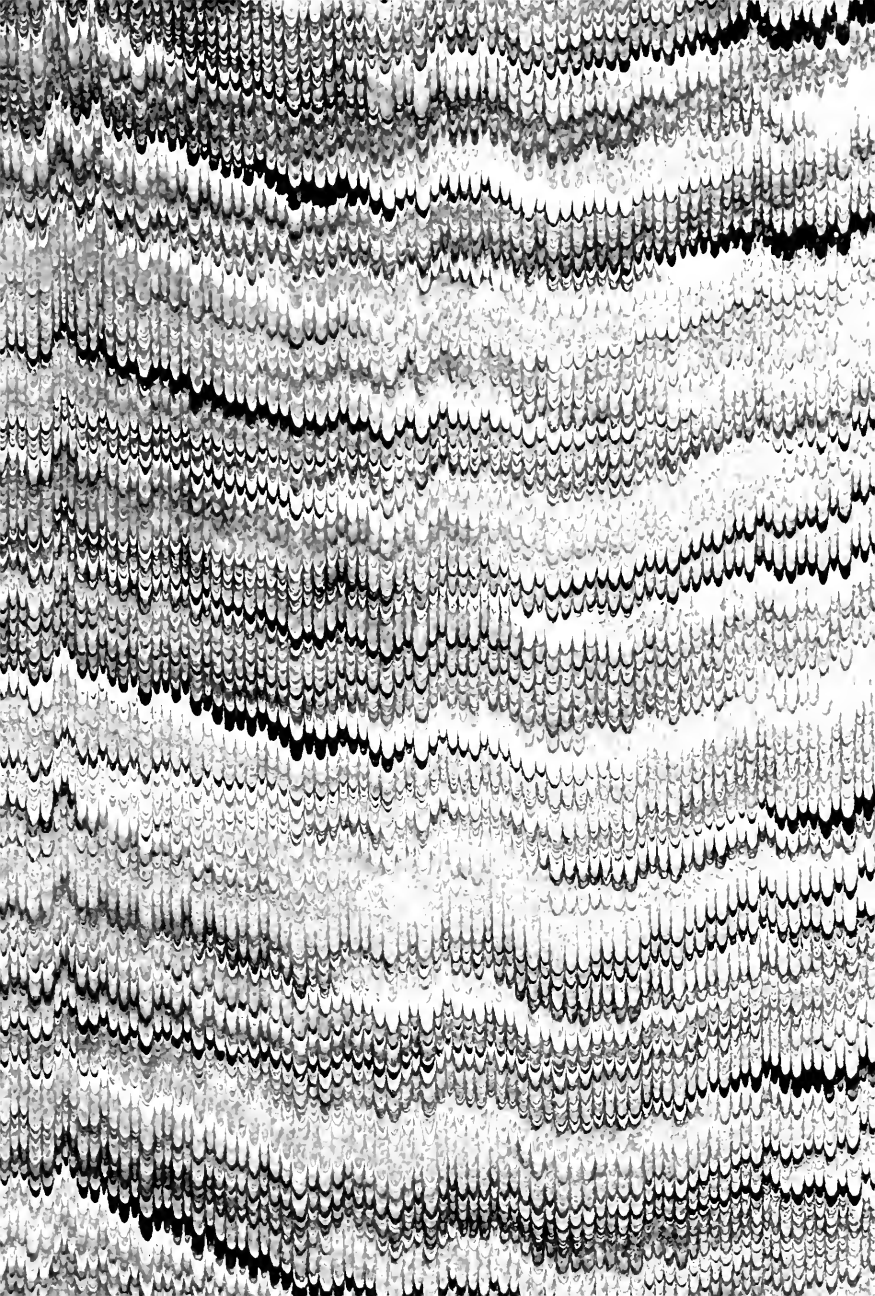
We draw the curtain at the close of this lamentable story. Two years and four months of the Presidency have sufficed to destroy Horace Greeley's grandly simple and actively philosophic mind. What is now to come, we do not know. President Gratz Brown with an empty treasury, and possibly, after him—the Deluge.



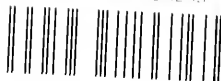
A FADING FLOWER. (Hopkins.)

"EVER THIS SINCE CHILDHOOD'S HOUR,
I'VE SEEN MY FONDEST HOPES DECAY;
I NEVER LOVED A TREE OR FLOWER
BUT 'T WAS THE FIRST TO FADE AWAY."





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